

1719

1719

COLUMBIA INSTITUTION

—FOR THE—

DEAF AND DUMB

THE CHARLES BAKER COLLECTION

NUMBER

THE
DUMB PHILOSOPHER;

OR

Great Britain's Wonder:

CONTAINING

A FAITHFUL AND VERY SURPRISING ACCOUNT

HOW

DICKORY CRONKE,

A TINNER'S SON IN THE COUNTY OF CORNWALL,

WAS

BORN DUMB, AND CONTINUED SO FOR FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS;

AND

How some Days before he died, he came to his Speech:

WITH

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE,

AND THE MANNER OF HIS DEATH.

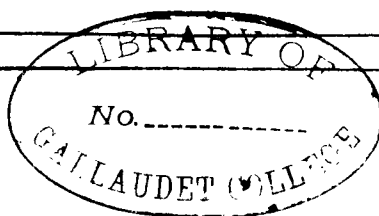
NON QUIS, SED QUID.

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The Preface.

***T**HE Formality of a Preface to this little Book might have been very well omitted, if it were not to gratify the Curiosity of some inquisitive People, who (I foresee) will be apt to make Objections against the Reality of the Narrative.*

Indeed, the Publick has too often been impos'd upon by fictitious Stories, and some of a very late Date, so that I think myself obliged, by the usual Respect which is paid to candid and impartial Readers, to acquaint them, by way of Introduction, with what they are to expect, and what they may depend upon, and yet with this Caution too: That 'tis an Indication of ill Nature or ill Manners, if not both, to pry into a Secret that's industriously conceal'd.

However that there may be nothing wanting on my part, I do hereby assure the Reader, that the Papers from whence the following Sheets were extracted are now in Town, in the Custody of a Person of unquestionable Reputation; who, I'll be bold to say will not only be ready, but proud to produce them upon a good Occasion, and that I think is as much Satisfaction, as the Nature of this Case requires.

As to the Performance, it can signify little now to make an Apology upon that Account any farther than this; that if the Reader pleases he may take notice that what he has now before him, was collected from a large Bundle of Papers; most of which were writ in Short-hand, and very ill digested; however this may be rely'd upon, that tho' the Language is something alter'd, and now and then a word thrown in to help the Expression; yet strict Care has been taken to speak the Author's Mind, and keep as close as possible to the Meaning of the Original.

For the Design I think there's nothing need be said in Vindication of that: Here's a Dumb Philosopher introduc'd to a wicked and degenerate Generation, as a proper Emblem of Virtue and Morality, and if the World could be persuaded to look upon him with Candor and Impartiality, and then to copy after him; the Editor has gain'd his Ends, and would think himself sufficiently recompenc'd for his present Trouble.

THE
Dumb Philosopher.



F the many strange and surprizing *Events* that help to fill the Accounts of this last Century, I know none that merit more an entire Credit, or are more fit to be preserved and handed to Posterity, than those I am now going to lay before the Publick.

Dickory Cronke, the Subject of the following *Narrative*, was born at a little *Hamblet*, near *St. Colomb*, in *Cornwall*, the 29th of *May*, 1660, being the Day and Year in which King *Charles* the Second was *Restor'd*. His Parents were of mean Extraction, but honest, industrious People, and well-beloved in their Neighbourhood: His Father's chief Business was to work at the *Tin-Mines*; his Mother staid at home to look after the Children, of which they had several living at the same time; our *Dickory* was the youngest, and being but a sickly Child, had always a double Portion of her Care and Tenderness.

'Twas upwards of three Years before it was discover'd that he was born Dumb, the Knowledge of which at first gave his Mother great Uneasiness, but finding soon after that he had his Hearing, and all his other Senses to the

greatest Perfection, her Grief began to abate, and she resolv'd to have him brought up as well as their Circumstances, and his Capacity would permit.

As he grew, notwithstanding his want of *Speech*, he every day gave some Instance of a ready Wit, and a Genius much superior to the Country Children, insomuch, that several Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood took particular Notice of him, and would often call him *Restoration Dick*, and give him Money, &c.

When he came to be eight Years of Age, his Mother agreed with a Person in the next Village to teach him to *Read* and *Write*, both which, in a very short time, he acquir'd to such Perfection, especially the latter, that he not only taught his own Brothers and Sisters, but likewise several young Men and Women in the Neighbourhood, which often brought him in small Sums, which he always laid out in such Necessaries he stood most in need of.

In this State he continued 'till he was about Twenty, and then he began to reflect how scandalous it was for a young Man of his Age and Circumstances to live idle at home, and so resolves to go with his *Father* to the *Mines*, to try if he could get something toward the Support of himself and the *Family*, but being of a tender *Constitution*, and often Sick, he soon perceiv'd that sort of Business was too hard for him, so was forc'd to return home, and continue in his former station; upon which he grew exceedingly melancholy, which his Mother observing, comforted him in the best manner she could; telling him, that if it should please God to take her away, she had something left in Store for him, which would preserve him against publick Want.

This kind Assurance from a Mother, whom he so dearly lov'd, gave him some, tho' not an entire Satisfaction; how-

ever, he resolves to acquiesce under it 'till Providence should order something for him, more to his Content and Advantage, which in a short time happen'd according to his Wish: The manner thus,

One Mr. *Owen Parry*, a *Welch* Gentleman, of good Repute, coming from *Bristol* to *Padstow*, a little *Sea-Port* in the County of *Cornwal*, near the Place where *Dickory* dwelt; hearing much of this *Dumb Man's* Perfections, would needs have him sent for; and finding by his significant Gestures and all outward Appearances, that he much exceeded the Character that the Country gave of him, took a mighty liking to him, insomuch, that he told him, if he would go with him into *Pembrookeshire*, he would be kind to him, and take care of him as long as he liv'd.

This kind and unexpected *Offer* was so welcome to poor *Dickory*, that without any farther Consideration, he got a *Pen* and *Ink* and writ a Note, and in a very handsome and submissive manner, return'd him Thanks for his Favour, assuring him, he would do his best to continue and improve it; and that he would be ready to wait upon him whenever he should be pleased to command.

To shorten the Account as much as possible; all things were concluded to their mutual Satisfaction, and in about a Fortnight's time, they set forward for *Wales*, where *Dickory*, notwithstanding his *Dumbness*, behaved himself with so much Diligence and Affability, that he not only gain'd the Love of the *Family* where he liv'd, but of every body round about him.

In this Station he continued 'till the Death of his *Master*; which happen'd about twenty Years afterwards; in all which time, as has been confirm'd by several of the *Family*, he was never observ'd to be any ways disguis'd by *Drinking*, or to be guilty of any of the *Follies*, and *Irregularities* incident to

Servants in Gentlemen's Houses : On the contrary, when he had any spare time, his constant Custom was to retire with some good Book into a private Place, within Call, and there imploy himself in Reading, and then writing down his own *Observations* upon what he read.

After the Death of his *Master*, whose Loss afflicted him to the last degree, one Mrs. *Mary Mordant*, a *Gentlewoman* of great Virtue and Piety, and a very good Fortune, took him into her Service, and carry'd him with her, first, to the *Bath*, and then to *Bristol*, where, after a lingering Distemper, which continu'd for about four Years, she died likewise.

Upon the Loss of his *Mistress*, *Dickory* grew again exceeding Melancholly and Disconsolate ; at length reflecting, that Death is but a common Debt which all *Mortals* owe to Nature, and must be paid sooner or later, he became a little better satisfy'd, and so determines to get together what he had sav'd in his Service, and then to return to his *Native Country*, and there finish his Life in *Privacy* and *Retirement*.

Having been, as has been mention'd, about twenty four Years a Servant, and having in the *interim* receiv'd two *Legacies*, viz. one of thirty Pounds, left him by his *Master*, and another of fifteen Pounds by his *Mistress* ; and being always very frugal, he had got by him in the whole, upward of sixty Pounds ; *This*, thinks he, *with prudent Management, will be enough to support me as long as I live, and so I'll e'en lay aside all Thoughts of future Business, and make the best of my way to Cornwall, and there find out some safe and solitary Retreat, where I may have liberty to meditate, and make my melancholly Observations upon the several Occurrences of Human Life.*

This Resolution prevail'd so far, that no time was let slip to get every thing in a Readiness to go with the first Ship.

As to his Money, he always kept that lock'd up by him, unless he sometimes lent it to a *Friend* without *Interest*, for he had a mortal Hatred to all sorts of *Usury* or *Extortion*. His Books, of which he had a considerable Quantity, and some of'em very good ones, together with his other Equipage, he got pack'd up, that nothing might be wanting against the first Opportunity.

In a few days he heard of a *Vessel* bound to *Padstow*, the very *Port* he wish'd to go to, being within four or five Miles of the Place where he was born. When he came thither which was in less than a Week; his first Business was to enquire after the State of his *Family*: It was some time before he could get any manner of Information of'em, until an old Man that knew his *Father* and *Mother*, and remembered they had a Son was born Dumb, recollected him, and after a great deal of Difficulty, made him understand that all his *Family*, except his youngest Sister, were dead, and that she was a *Widow*, and liv'd at a little *Town*, call'd *St. Helens*, about ten Miles farther in the *Country*.

This doleful News we must imagine, must be extremely shocking, and add a new Sting to his former *Affliction*; and here it was that he began to exercise the *Philosopher*, and to demonstrate himself, both a wise and a good Man: All these things, (thinks he) are the Will of *Providence*, and must not be disputed, and so he bore up under them with an entire *Resignation*, resolving that as soon as he could find a Place where he might deposit his *Trunk* and *Boxes* with safety, he would go to *St. Helens* in quest of his Sister.

How his *Sister* and he met, and how transported they were to see each other after so long an *Interval*, I think it is not very material. 'Tis enough for the present Purpose, that *Dickory* soon recollected his *Sister*, and she him; and after a

great many endearing Tokens of Love and Tenderness, he wrote to her, telling her, that he believ'd *Providence* had bestowed upon him as much as would support him as long as he liv'd, and that if she thought proper, he would come and spend the *Remainder* of his days with her.

The *good Woman* no sooner read his *Proposal*, but accepted it, adding withal, that she could wish her *Entertainment* was better, but if he would accept of it as it was, she would do her best to make every thing easy, and that he should be welcome upon his own Terms to stay with her as long as he pleas'd.

This *Affair* being so happily settled to his full Satisfaction, he returns to *Padstow*, to fetch the Things he had left behind him, and the next day came back to *St. Helens*, where according to his own *Proposal*, he continu'd to the Day of his Death, which happen'd upon the 29th of *May* 1718, about the same Hour in which he was born.

Having thus given a short detail of the several Periods of his Life, extracted chiefly from the Papers which he left behind him. I come in the next place to make a few Observations how he manag'd himself, and spent his Time towards the latter part of it.

His constant Practice both *Winter* and *Summer*, was to rise and set with the Sun, and if the Weather would permit, he never failed to walk in some unfrequented Place for three Hours, both *Morning* and *Evening*, and there 'tis suppos'd he compos'd very many Meditations. The chief Part of his *Sustenance* was Milk with a little Bread boil'd in it, of which in a Morning, after his *Walk*, he would eat the quantity of a Pint, and sometimes more : Dinners he never eat any, and

at Night he would only have a pretty large Piece of Bread, and drink a Draught of Spring-water ; and after this Method he liv'd during the whole time he was at St. *Helens*. 'Tis observ'd of him that he never slept out of a Bed, nor never lay awake in one. which I take to be an Argument, not only of a strong and healthful Constitution, but of a Mind compos'd and calm, and entirely free from the ordinary Disturbances of human Life. He never gave the least Signs of Complaint or Dissatisfaction at any thing, unless it was when he heard the *Tinnors* swear, or saw them drunk, and then too he would get out of the way, as soon as he had let them see by some significant Signs, how scandalous and ridiculous they made themselves, and against the next time he met them, would be sure to have a Paper ready writ, wherein he would represent the dangerous Consequences that usually attended it.

Idleness was his utter Aversion, and if at any time he had finish'd the Business of the Day, and was grown weary of reading and writing, in which he daily spent six Hours at least, he'd certainly find something either within Doors or without to employ himself.

Much might be said both with regard to the wise and regular Management, and the prudent Methods he took to spend his time well towards the declension of his Life ; but I shall only observe in the general, that he was a *Person* of great Wisdom and Sagacity : he understood Nature beyond the ordinary Capacity ; and if he had had a Competence of Learning suitable to his *Genius*, neither this, nor the former Ages would have produc'd a better *Philosopher*, or a greater Man.

I come next to speak of the manner of his Death, and the Consequences thereof, which are indeed very surprizing, and perhaps not altogether unworthy a general Observation. I shall relate them as briefly as I can, and leave every one to believe or disbelieve as he thinks proper.

Upon the 26th of *May* 1718, according to his usual Method, about four in the Afternoon, he went out to take his Evening Walk but before he could reach the place he intended, he was seiz'd with an Apoplectick Fit, which only gave him liberty to sit down under a Tree, where in an Instant he was depriv'd of all manner of Sense and Motion, and so he continued, as appears by his own Confession afterwards, for more than fourteen Hours.

His *Sister*, who knew how exact he was in all his Methods, finding him stay a considerable time beyond the usual Hour, concludes that some Misfortune must needs have happen'd to him, or he would certainly have been at home before ; In short she went immediately to all the Places he was wont to frequent but nothing could be heard or seen of him 'till the next Morning, when a young Man, as he was going to work discover'd him and went home and told his *Sister*, that her *Brother* lay in such a place, under a Tree, and, as he believed, had been *Robb'd* and *Murder'd*.

The poor *Woman*, who had all Night been under the most dreadful Apprehensions, was now frighted and confounded to the last degree ; however, recollecting herself, and finding there was no Remedy, she got two or three of her *Neighbours*, to bear her Company, and so hasten'd with the young Man, to the Tree, where she found her *Brother* lying in the same Posture that he had described.

The dismal Object at first View startled and surpris'd every body present, and fill'd 'em full of different Notions and Conjectures: But some of the Company going nearer to him, and finding that he had lost nothing, and that there were no Marks of any Violence to be discovered about him, they concluded that it must be an *Apoplectick*, or some other sudden Fit that had surpris'd him in his Walk; upon which his *Sister*, and the rest began to feel his Hands and Face, and observing that he was still warm, and that there was some Symptoms of Life yet remaining, they concluded that the best way was to carry him home to Bed, which was accordingly done with the utmost Expedition.

When they had got him into the Bed, nothing was omitted that they could think of, to bring him to himself, but still he continued utterly insensible for about six Hours: At the sixth Hour's end, he began to move a little, and in a very short time was so far recover'd to the great astonishment of every body about him; he was able to look up, and to make a Sign to his *Sister* to bring him a *Cup of Water*.

After he had drank the *Water*, he soon perceiv'd that all his *Faculties* were return'd to their former Stations; and though his Strength was very much abated by the length and rigour of the Fit, yet his *Intellects* were as strong and vigorous as ever.

His *Sister* observing him to look earnestly upon the Company, as if he had something extraordinary to communicate to them, fetch'd him a Pen and Ink, and a Sheet of Paper, which, after a short Pause he took, and writ as follows:

Dear Sister,

I HAVE now no need of Pen, Ink, and Paper to tell you my meaning: I find the Strings that bound up my Tongue, and hinder'd me from speaking, are unlos'd, and I have Words to express myself as freely and distinctly as any other Person. From whence this strange and unexpected Event should proceed, I must not pretend to say any further than this, that 'tis doubtless the hand of Providence that has done it, and in that I ought to acquiesce: Pray let me be alone for two or three Hours, that I may be at liberty to compose myself, and put my Thoughts in the best Order I can before I leave them behind me.

The poor *Woman*, tho' extremely startled at what her *Brother* had writ, yet took care to conceal it from the Neighbours, who she knew, as well as she, must be mightily surpriz'd at a thing so utterly unexpected. Says she, *My Brother desires to be alone; I believe he may have something in his Mind that disturbs him*: Upon which the *Neighbours* took their Leave, and returned home, and his *Sister* shut the Door, and left him alone to his private Contemplations.

After the Company were withdrawn, he fell into a sound Sleep, which lasted from two 'till Six, and his *Sister* being apprehensive of the return of his *Fit*, came to his Bed-side, and asking softly if he wanted any thing, he turn'd about to her, and spoke to this effect,

Dear Sister,

YOU see me, not only recover'd out of a terrible Fit, but likewise that I have the Liberty of Speech; a Blessing that I have been depriv'd of almost sixty Years, and I am satisfy'd you are sincerely Joyful to find me in the State I now am; but alas! 'tis but a mistaken Kindness: These are things but of short Duration, and if they were to continue for a hundred Years longer, I can't see how I should be any ways the better.

I know the World too well to be fond of it, and am fully satisfy'd, that the difference between a long and a short Life is insignificant, especially when I consider the Accidents and Company I am to encounter : Do but look seriously and impartially upon the astonishing Notion of Time and Eternity, what an immense deal has run out already, and how infinite 'tis still in the future ; do but seriously and deliberately consider this, and you'll find, upon the whole, that three Days and three Ages of Life, come much to the same Measure and Reckoning.

As soon as he had ended his Discourse upon the *Vanity* and *Uncertainty* of human Life, he look'd stedfastly upon her.

Sister,

SAYS he, I conjure you not to be disturb'd at what I am going to tell you ; which you will undoubtedly find to be true in every particular. I perceive my glass is run, and I have now no more to do in this World but to take my Leave of it ; for to morrow about this time, my Speech will be again taken from me, and in a short time my Fit will return ; and the next Day, which I understand is the Day in which I came into this troublesome World, I shall exchange it for another, where, for the future, I shall for ever be free from all manner of Sin and Sufferings.

The good *Woman* would have made him a Reply, but he prevented her, by telling her,

He had no time to hearken to unnecessary Complaints or Animadversions. I have a great many things in my Mind that require a speedy and serious consideration. The time I have to stay is but short, and I have a great deal of important Business to do in it : Time and Death are both in my View, and seem both to call aloud to me to make no delay. I beg of you therefore, not to disquiet yourself or me : What must be, must be, the Decrees of Providence are eternal and unalterable ; why then should we torment ourselves about that which we cannot remedy.

I must confess, my dear Sister, I owe you many Obligations, for your exemplary Goodness to me, and I do solemnly assure you, I shall retain the Sence of them to the last Moment : All that I have now to request of you is, that I may be alone for this Night : I have it in my Thoughts to leave some short Observations behind me ; and likewise to discover some Things of great Weight which have been revealed to me, which may perhaps be of some use hereafter to you and your Friends : What Credit they may meet with, I can't say, but depend the Consequence, according to their respective Periods, will account for them, and vindicate them against the Supposition of Falsity or mere Suggestion. Upon this, his Sister left him 'till about four in the Morning, when coming to his Bed-side to know if he wanted any thing, and how he had rested, he made her this Answer : I have been taking a cursory View of my Life ; and tho' I find myself exceedingly deficient in several Particulars, yet I bless God, I cannot find I have any just grounds to suspect my Pardon : In short, says he, I have spent this Night with more inward Pleasure and true Satisfaction than ever I spent a Night through the whole Course of my Life.

After he had concluded what he had to say upon the Satisfaction that attended an innocent and well-spent Life, and observ'd what a mighty Consolation it was to Persons, not only under the Apprehension, but even in the very Agonies of Death it self. He desir'd her to bring him his usual *Cup of Water*, and then to help him on with his Clothes, that he might sit up, and so be in a better Posture to take his leave of her and her Friends.

When she had taken him up, and plac'd him at a Table where he usually sate, he desir'd her to bring him his Box of *Papers*, and after he had collected those he intended

should be preserv'd, he order'd her to bring a Candle that he might see the rest burnt. The good *Woman* seem'd at first to oppose the burning of his *Papers*, 'till he told her they were only useless *Trifles*, some unfinish'd *Observations* which he had made in his youthful Days, and were not fit to be seen by her, or any body that should come after him.

After he had seen his *Papers* burnt, and plac'd the rest in their proper Order, and had likewise settled all his other *Affairs*, which was only fit to be done between himself and his *Sister*; he desir'd her to call two or three of the most reputable *Neighbours*, not only to be *Witnesses* to his *Will*, but likewise to hear what he had further to communicate before the return of his *Fit*, which he expected very speedily.

His *Sister*, who had beforehand acquainted two or three of her *Confidants* with all that had happen'd, was very much rejoyc'd to hear her *Brother* make so unexpected a *Concession*, and accordingly, without any Delay or Hesitation, went directly into the *Neighbourhood*, and brought home her two select *Friends*, upon whose *Secresy* and *Sincerity*, she knew she might depend upon all Accounts.

In her absence he felt several Symptoms of the approach of his *Fit*, which made him a little uneasy, lest it should entirely seize him before he had perfected his *Will*, but that *Apprehension* was quickly remov'd by her speedy Return. After she had introduc'd her *Friends* into his Chamber, he proceeds to express himself in the following manner.

Dear Sister,

YOU now see your Brother upon the brink of Eternity; and as the Words of dying Persons are commonly the most regarded, and make deepest Impressions, I cannot suspect, but you'll suffer the few I am

going about to say, to have always some Place in your Thoughts, that they may be ready for you to make use of upon any Occasion.

Don't be fond of any thing on this side of Eternity, or suffer your Interest to incline you to break your Word, quit your Modesty, or to do any thing that will not bear the Light, and look the World in the Face; for, be assur'd of this, the Person that values the Virtue of his Mind, and the Dignity of his Reason, is always easy and well fortified, both against Death and Misfortune, and is perfectly indifferent about the Length and Shortness of his Life: Such a one is solicitous about nothing but his own Conduct; and for fear he should be deficient in the Duties of Religion and the respective Functions of Reason and Prudence.

Always go the nearest way to work; now the nearest way through all the Business of human Life are the Paths of Religion and Honesty, and keeping those as directly as you can, you avoid all the dangerous Precipices that often lie in the Road, and sometimes block up the Passage entirely.

Remember that Life was but lent at first, and that the Remainder is more than you have reason to expect, and consequently ought to be manag'd with more than ordinary Diligence. A wise Man spends every day as if it were his last; his Hour-glass is always in his Hand, and he is never guilty of Sluggishness or Insincerity.

He was about to proceed, when a sudden Symptom of the return of his Fit put him in mind that it was time to get his *Will* witnessed, which was no sooner done, but he took it up and gave his Sister; telling her, that tho' all he had was hers of right, yet he thought it proper to prevent, even a possibility of a Dispute, to write down his Mind in the Nature of a *Will*, wherein *I have given you*, says he, *the little that I have left, except my Books and Papers, which, as soon as I am dead, I desire may be delivered to Mr. Anthony Barlow, a near Relation of my worthy Master, Mr. Owen Parry.*

This Mr. *Anthony Barlow* was an old contemplative *Welsh* Gentleman, who being under some Difficulties in his own Country, was forc'd to come into *Cornwall*, and take sanctuary among the *Tinners*. *Dickory*, who, tho' he kept himself as retir'd as possible, happen'd to meet him one day upon his Walk, and presently remember'd, that he was the very Person that us'd frequently to come to visit his Master, whilst he liv'd in *Pembrookshire*, and so went to him, and by Signs made him understand who he was.

The old Gentleman, tho' at first surpriz'd at this unexpected Interview, soon recollected, that he had formerly seen at Mr. *Parry's* a Dumb Man, which they used to call the *Dumb Philosopher*, so concludes immediately that consequently, this must be he. In short, they soon made themselves known to each other; and from that time contracted a strict Friendship, and a Correspondence by Letters, which for the future they mutually manag'd with the greatest Exactness and Familiarity.

But to leave this as a Matter not much material, and return to our *Narative*; by this time, *Dickory's* Speech began to falter, which his Sister observing, put him in mind, that he would do well to make some *Declaration* of his Faith and Principles of Religion, because some Reflections had been made upon him, upon the account of his Neglect, or rather his Refusal to appear at any Place of Public Worship.

Dear Sister,

SAYS he, You observe very well, and I could wish the continuance of my Speech for a few Moments, that I might make an ample Declaration upon that Account: But I find that cannot be; my Speech is leaving me so fast, that I can only tell you, that I have always liv'd, and now I die an unworthy Member of the ancient Catholic and Apostolick Church;

and as to my Faith and Principles, I refer you to my Papers, which I hope will, in some measure, vindicate me against the Reflections you mention.

He had hardly finish'd his Discourse to his Sister and her two Friends, and given some short Directions relating to his Burial, but his Speech left him ; and what makes the thing the more remarkable, it went away in Appearance without giving him any sort of Pain or Uneasiness.

When he perceiv'd that his *Speech* was entirely vanish'd, and that he was again in his original State of *Dumbness*, he took his Pen as formerly, and wrote to his Sister, signifying, *That whereas the sudden loss of his Speech had depriv'd him of the Opportunity to speak to her and her Friends what he intended, he would leave it for them in Writing* ; and so desir'd he might not be disturb'd till the return of his Fit, which he expected in six Hours at farthest : According to his Desire they all left him, and then with the greatest Resignation imaginable, he writ down a long Epistle to his Sister.

Dickory composed some Meditations and Observations on the conduct of Human Life in general, with his Faith and Principles of Religion, as also Prophetical Remarks, relative to the Affairs of Europe and Great Britain, more particularly from 1720 to 1729 ; which he either writ or extracted from his papers in the interim between the loss of his *Speech*, and the return of his *Fits*. Upon the return of his *Fit*, he made Signs to be put to Bed ; which was no sooner done, than he was seized with extreme *Agonies*, which he bore up under with the greatest steadfastness, and after a severe Conflict, that lasted near eight hours, he Expired.

We find a similar case of a person recovering his speech after being dumb many years, thus recorded in the 11th Volume of the Philosophical Transactions :

“HENRY AXFORD, son of Henry Axford, of the Devizes in Wiltshire, an attorney, when a child, was subject to convulsion fits, which followed him pretty closely till he was about 25 years of age. After this his health became extremely good. At about 25 years old, going with some ladies to see Longleat in Wiltshire, the seat of Lord Viscount Weymouth, he perceived an hoarseness coming upon him, which was afterwards attended with all the symptoms of a common cold, till, in about six days after his first seizure he became quite speechless, not only losing the articulate use of his tongue, but being scarcely able to make the least noise with it. His cold quickly went off in the usual manner, and he grew perfectly well, as well in health as ever he had been in his life; but he still continued absolutely speechless. He had advice from all the neighbouring physicians, but to no purpose; for nothing they did for him could restore him to the former use of his tongue, he continued in this dumb way about four years; till one day in July, 1741, being at Stoke in the above mentioned county, he got very much in liquor, so much, that, upon his return home at night, to the Devizes, he fell from his horse three or four times, and was at last taken up by a neighbour, and put to bed on the road. He soon fell asleep; when, as he tells the story himself, dreaming that he was fallen into a furnace of boiling wort, it put him into so great an agony and fright, that struggling with all his might to call out for help, he actually did call out aloud, and recovered the use of his tongue from that moment as effectually as ever he had it in his life, without the least hoarseness remaining or alteration in the old sound of his voice, as near as can be discerned. He was not used to drink hard; he is still alive, continues in good health, and has the use of his tongue as perfectly as ever he had it in his life.”

Elegy in Memory of Dickory Cronke, the Dumb Philosopher.

IF virtuous Actions Emulation raise,
 Then this good Man deserves immortal Praise:
 When Nature such Extensive Wisdom lent,
 She sure design'd him for our President;
 Such great Endowments in a Man unknown,
 Declare the Blessings were not all his own;
 But rather granted for a time to show,
 What the wise hand of Providence can do.

In him we may a bright Example see
 Of Native Justice and Morality,
 A Mind not subject to the Frowns of Fate,
 But calm and easy in a servile state.

He always kept a guard upon his Will,
 And fear'd no harm, because he knew no ill;
 A decent Posture and an humble Mien,
 In ev'ry Action of his Life were seen;
 Thro' all the diff'rent Stages that he went,
 He still appear'd both wise and diligent.
 Firm to his Word; and punctual to his Trust,
 Sagacious, Frugal, Affable, and Just.

No gainful Views his bounded hopes could sway,
 No wanton *Thought* led his chaste *Soul* astray:
 In short, his *Thoughts* and *Actions* both declare,
 Nature design'd him her Philosopher,
 That all Mankind by his Example taught,
 Might learn to live, and manage ev'ry *Thought*.

Oh! could my Muse the wond'rous Subject grace,
 And from his *Youth* his virtuous *Actions* trace:
 Could I in just and equal Numbers tell,
 How well he *liv'd*, and how devoutly *fell*,
 I boldly might your strict Attention claim,
 And bid you *learn*, and *copy-out* the Man.

J. P.

The Occasion of this Epitaph was briefly thus: A Gentleman, who had heard much in Commendation of this Dumb Man, coming accidentally to the Church-Yard where he was bury'd, and finding his Grave without a Tomb-Stone, or any manner of Memorandum of his Death, he pull'd out his Pencil, and writ as follows.

Pauper ubique jacet.

NEAR to this lonely unfrequented Place,
Mix'd with the *Common Dust*, neglected lies:
The Man that ev'ry Muse should strive to grace,
And all the World should for his Virtue prize:
Stop, *gentle Passenger*, and drop a Tear;
Truth, Justice, Wisdom, all lie buried here.

What tho' he wants a *Monumental Stone*;
The common *Pomp* of ev'ry *Fool* or *Knave*:
Those *Vertues* which thro' all his Actions shone,
Proclaim his *Worth*, and praise him in the *Grave*:
His Merits will a bright *Example* give,
Which shall both *Time* and *Envy* too out-live.

Oh! had I Power but equal to my Mind,
A decent *Tomb* should soon this Place adorn
With this *Inscription*; Loe here lies confin'd
A wond'rous Man, altho' obscurely born;
A Man, tho' Dumb, yet he was *Natures Care*,
Who mark'd him out her own *Philosopher*.

FINIS.

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